

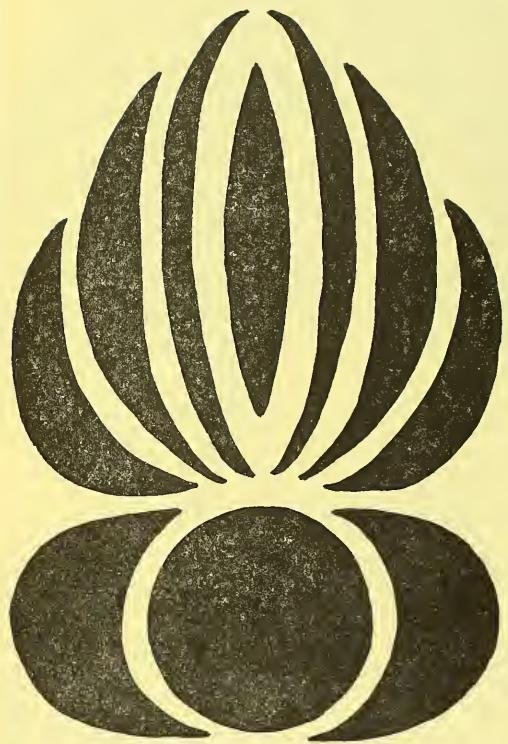
IVY LEAV



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IVY
LEAVES



Poetry and Prose

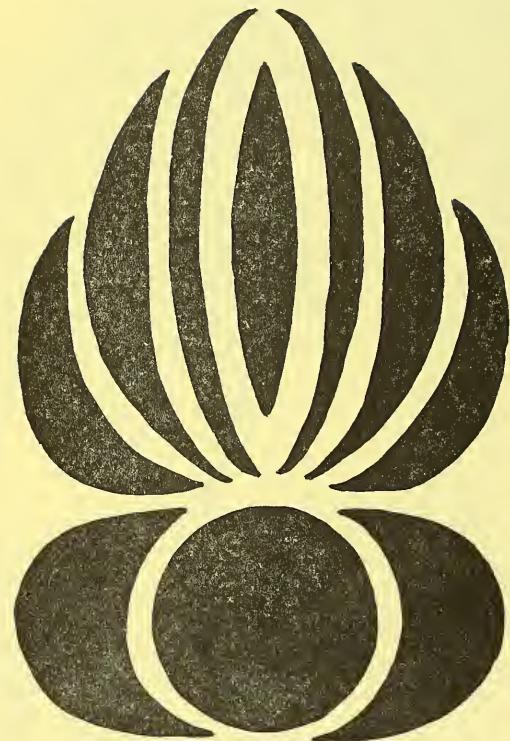
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Introduction

This publication represents those persons who have given of themselves. Theirs are the gifts of time, of words, and of the mind.

It is in this spirit that we proudly dedicate this 1972 publication of *IVY LEAVES* to one who has given totally and unselfishly of herself—Miss Marietta McCown.

N. V.





Forest

Dawn is breaking,
The trees are green.
The shrubs are dripping with dew.
I feel the cool, moist spray against
my face while I walk.
No one within a million miles.
Yet, I am not alone.
Listen!

Jane Mahaffey

Crystal People

All around I see crystal people—people so
pure and empty—that are just a form of
nothingness.

Hollow ones . . . just a small part of the
universe of puppets.

They are perfect in structure
—failing in action—

So full of trivials of everyday living
that they can not see life's beauty.

Speaking a little of afterdeath;
a little of mankind;
nothing of real beauty.

Empty ones filled with materials of
social status
—symbols of their crystal structures—
necessary to their survival
as prominent citizens . . .

Linda S. Davis

Softer

softer than a drop of rain
that never fell,
a memory slips away—
dropping through a velvet eye
a mist of tears
no one could say
why it should be the one to go,
the others to stay.

Tony Stubblefield

Thinking

I hear a sound—
but do I?
I see a bird in the sky—
but can I?
Is this just in my mind?—
but wait . . .
Do I really have a mind?
Apparently
so. Because I am alone
and
no one or "NOTHING" has
answered these questions for
me.

Wanda Campbell

Struggle to Live

When other kids dreamed of being heroes and doing
heroic deeds,
I dreamed of living.

When other kids dreamed of doing great things,
I dreamed of feeding myself.

When (most) other kids dreamed of going on (vacation)
trips,
I dreamed of leaving my bed.

When other kids were dreaming of the toys Santa would
bring,
I hoped he would bring me the ability to walk.

When other kids dreamed of the snow so school would be
closed,
I dreamed of the day I could attend school.

When others talked of their conquest of girls,
I talked of my conquest of death.

When others talked of the ugliness of life,
I talked of the beauty of living.

Life, death—We struggle so (valiantly) hard to keep from
meeting one,
We appreciate the other so little.

Jimmy Ray King

Confessions of a "Would-be" Poet

Life is a tree in Autumn
Each leaf is a day
Slowly they drop off
Seldom noticed, seldom missed
Until the day of judgment
All the leaves are gone
And someone comes to rake up
The memories and burn them.

Suzie Mattson

Of poems I write, the words I use,
I know them not, but God doth choose.
This mind I have knows not to rhyme;
The words are God's; they can't be mine.
On certain nights as I lie 'round,
He brings the thoughts that I write down.
They all are His, so should it be:
Give praise to God and not to me.

He tells me what He'd have me say;
The writer's part is all I play.
Although to you I may be wrong,
I know to whom these words belong.

Thus, if by chance you choose to praise,
The name is God's, not mine, you raise.
So once you've read each line I wrote,
Give thought to God; it's Him I quote.

Doug Davison



ONE WAY

The Morning Prayer

Help us to live together in brotherhood and unison.
Teach us the true meaning of the word—Love.

Love of God and Love of Man

Give us the strength to face each day with strong hearts,
minds and bodies.

Lead us down the road that follows our goal,

Help us to obtain it

Provide food for the starving

Shelter for the homeless

Love for the needy

Give the people all over the world peace, happiness and
love, always.

AMEN

Terry Biser

Sweet Dreams Versus the World

Slowly, the morning came
cloaked in grey with gentle rain
and the world turned sleeping
unaware.

A deep yawn on a waking face
sleepy eyes the morning taste
turn and fall in dreams again,
reluctant.
another try to face the morn
minutes old but decades worn
mumbled words to Monday dawn,
cursing.

Tony Stubblefield

Somewhere

Somewhere there must be a valley,
Or maybe a place by the sea.
But somewhere, I've got to find
A place to just be me.

Bronwyn Cudd

The Promise of Time

Waivering questions;
Reflected thoughts,
As I walk with finity.
The motion of routine seizes me,
And I slip away to gaze on a vision of
tomorrow.
Blistfulness dissolves into despair,
then transforms itself to hope.

My life is a vicious cycle.
I trapse through the garden of my existence,
stealing with me,
thoughts of yesterday
and
promises of tomorrow.
And as I turn my head away from time,

I wistfully wonder about this road laden
with broken pieces;
Even as I exist, I must have faith that the
great puzzle of my fate will someday be finished;
And there will lay before me,
A rewarding path
that I have so wearyly searched for.

Linda Buchmiller

Elegy from Nature

My life is but the spring and summer.

 Comes the autumn,
And I float down to decay . . .

 That others may live.
Doug Davison

Message in the Water

Message in the water,
Draw near and let me drink
of the knowledge you bestow.
What hidden thoughts lie
Within your glassy walls?
I sit here alone—
Remembering the old world,
how I longed for the new—
And now? I long for you.
Come closer and let me see
Your message. My life is empty
like so foolishly I wanted it
Please do not deceive me.
Hold a treasure so full of joy
that it can lift me of my loneliness.
and restore the beauty to life.

Suzie Mattson



Blanche J. Holcombe
'77

My Friend in Nam

I died for you tom.
My body will rot in the steaming jungle
 with a stake up my back and
 a bullet in my brain . . .
I died twice for you tom
 (oh the sad refrain resounding soundlessly)
oh tom oh tom
I died for you.

oh once i walked and ran
 but now i lie in blood.
oh once i loved
 but now i lie cold and limp.
oh once i knew . . .
 but now i'll wonder
 if i were right in this.

But my god I died for you tom!
I really gave my all for you!
Now am I damned.
No-one remembers my name, well
 for that matter no-one knew it.

but tom i died for you
in this god-forsaken
rat—infested
disease-covered
valley of death.

I died killing, though.
the young boy, not yet sixteen,
Looked at me a wondering moment and then
I shot him in the eye.
It was then I felt the dull thud of metal
 against my forehead, I fell on that stake . . .
It really didn't matter — I was dead any way.

Maybe the rates will eat me before I rot.

Tom Ellenburg

The youth
comes pale and
blood gushes new
wounded body
crashes in wet
rice in the mudbank
solitary.

The youth
crawls gasping
two feet, clutching
the raw meat bleeding.
He vomits
lying limp
in yellow and red
the asian sky glows.

A year ago, so faraway
the young man sits
to talk of things to come,
of books to read,
of places to see,
of his woman to love.

Tom Ellenburg

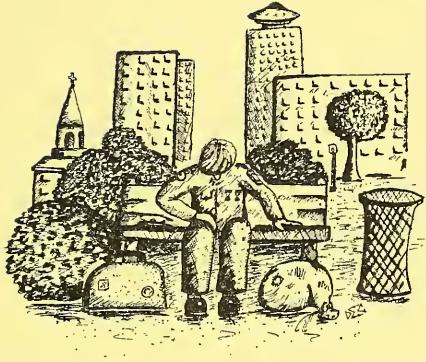
The Soldier's Daughter

Goodby daddy, I hate to see you go;
Goodby daddy, God will bring you back I know.
Don't worry about mommy, I will take care of her;
Don't worry daddy, it is only a little tear.

Goodby daddy, I hate to see you go;
Goodby daddy, I love you so.

Mitch Revis





Racial Disturbances

In the large cities
where prejudice now rules the land,
a land, once good and free,
was the protector of equal opportunity.

A black man, a white man
Met on the street,
knives, tightly held in their hands,
and they fought the night
but ended in defeat,
Both achievin' nothin' for humanity.
What makes man do
such a deed?
and why have hatred too
for other race or creed?
Is man a savage beast?
Our flag is now bloody red
and wet with tears
for black and white, now dead.

Robert A. Tomlinson

The forgotten soldier

He returned as a lone waste of his environment—
a remnant of the destruction of mankind—

knowing the despair that wrapped many souls
with grief, with spite, with the very hatred of his own.

He came home to a world once charming;
once full of memories—once knowing;
and full of warmth.

The wrath he met shocked all impressions
of earlier happiness, joy, laughter from his heart.

No more
could he bask in the security of
understanding companions; of admiring family;
of favorite pastimes . . .

He now stands alone as a corpse amidst dreams—
dreams of a
utopia of something beautiful—
once held precious and undeniable in
his heart.

He returned as a lone waste of his environment—
Breathing only involuntarily—
living only because
he does.

He'll gradually disappear with the
other unsuspecting species.
His uselessness will conform to the rut
prepared by his foregoers.

He has little choice but to waste away—
unwillingly the only life left for a

forgotten soldier . . .
Linda S. Davis

Scales

I've often played upon the scales
of instruments that only sing
what I ask them to.

But you play your own tune
and I love it just as much.

Tony Stubblefield

If

If you love me as I love you
If to fall in love was what
we were meant to do
If by my side you'd always
be
If, if, if, such a little word.
Why does it separate you from me?

Shirley Lee

missing persons

now i begin
letters home
simply "dear mom"

something's missing
it's dad

eugene robert platt

Pennies from Heaven

Robbed by emphysema
of outdoor passions,
my Dad hobbied thru two
years of retirement,
a new collector
of old coins.

Thus, my gift: the wealth
of thirty-eight cents,
a small tribe
of Indian Head pennies,
tiny tokens of tribute,
remembrance for a final
Christmas—
given before he
took the ultimate reward
and left me the fortune
of having been his son

eugene robert platt

Between Loves

Temporal togetherness
But heightens the loneliness
Of days spent alone
By one who so badly needs
The consolation of love.

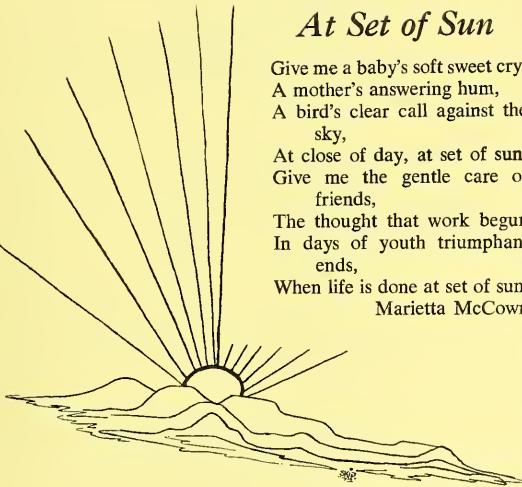
And all things are temporal;
Of all things, love the most.

Doug Davison

Closeness . . . As Yet

Let's feel free to live—
And if we can, let's go beyond our level
To acquire our greatest dreams,
Even if it's only within the realm of walls.
After all—we are two . . . and yet we are one,
And we need each other
But I'll never make you fall.
The greatest days are those spent
encircling one so meaningful.

Susan J. Mullenix



Our Summer Love

A summer day in May you called—it was the beginning of our summer love.

We made memories with each new day—a sun rise, a single rose, and holding hands. We shared so many things—our thoughts, our hopes, our fears.

And then, one night, you said “I love you,” and in my heart I felt so many things—The joy of being in love, the fear of losing you, and the hope of having you forever. But you were there, to say you cared, to hold my hand, to give me strength.

Then, one moon-lit night, you said there was no love—you left for good, you cared no more, And all alone I faced a dark tomorrow.

But, my dark tomorrow has turned to light today, And, as I watch the leaves begin to fall, I still can see the love we shared— But it is only memories of—our summer love.

Estelle Martin

At Set of Sun

Give me a baby's soft sweet cry,
A mother's answering hum,
A bird's clear call against the sky,
At close of day, at set of sun.
Give me the gentle care of friends,
The thought that work begun
In days of youth triumphant ends,
When life is done at set of sun.

Marietta McCown

The Habit of Happiness

Think Positively . . .

Do the things you want to do and that Bring you peace and contentment
Help others. Be with the people you love and those who care for you.

Try to accomplish something—Be it ever so humble—do something every day.

Be able to look yourself straight in the eye . . . unashamed and self-respecting.

Think of all the good things which have come your way.

Count your blessings.

Show people that you have inner-joy

Prove . . . the habit of happiness.

Brenda DuBose

Ambush!

Very slowly he opened his eyes. The red glow of the dying sun seemed filtered through his swollen eyelids. A wet back and the mushy feel that can come only from mud told him he was lying on his back. He was aware of a great emergency that had befallen his squad; moments before bullets had slammed into his chest and grazed his skull. How long had it been? He tried to move, but just the thought of movement sent a stabbing pain through him that jarred every bone in his body. Intense pain, like that of fire, was throbbing in his temples. He lay on the flat of his back, face upward. Long years of training had his ears tuned for the slightest of sounds. But a deaf man could have heard the awful roar which rose from the lips of dying men. He licked his lips and knew the salty taste of blood. Only then was he conscious of the blood rolling down his cheeks and dripping from his chin. Did dead men continue to bleed? He thought not. The stench of burning flesh was present in the air. It was enough to turn his stomach. Slowly, he got to his feet, but even so, was totally unprepared for the sight he beheld. Blood was caked on the ground, forming a red mushy dirt. A man's head lay at his feet and just beyond was his body. All around, men were lying at unnatural angles. Surely they couldn't be alive, he thought. But some were moaning, some praying, and others neither spoke nor moved . . . , nor breathed. He searched for the cause of the terrible odor which now filled his nostrils. He found it, rocked backwards, and broke his fall by catching on his hands. The pain that shot through his arms was welcome, for it snapped him back to sanity. To his immediate right lay the charred remains of a burnt man. He regained his feet and turned to look into the blackish green jungle. No sign of the V. C. now. The moaning stooped abruptly. Dead, he thought. All dead. Blackness seemed to engulf his mind and body. But he cleared his vision enough to read the message hastily drawn in the green slimy mud. It must have been left by the V. C., he thought. It read:

"Go home pigs."

He stumbled toward it. The terrible darkness completely took him now. He fell forward, hand outstretched. His hand now covered the word "pig".

Phil Christopher

A young rebel

A young rebel—

one who didn't conform; one who went against established laws, established principles, established beliefs.

An independent young man—sincere in every thing he did.

Cutting down the accepted modes of society; telling it like it was . . .

Laughed at, jeered at, told to go home—
Frowned on as a radical rebelling against
set standards.

He was slowed down in his errands; but never gave up,
turned back, went home.

He traveled while being taunted at; philosophied while
being ridiculed;
was persecuted for radical beliefs . . .

He was cursed at, kicked, spat on
while patiently awaiting his verdict.

His love for all brothers restrained the hatred for his
murderers.

As he accepted it with a whispered
"Forgive them, Father", he obediently
layered himself upon the cross—
to be shamefully tortured before
his friends, followers, enemies.

But he wasn't ashamed or bitter; held no spite for his
crucifixors—

for finally he was eagerly nearing his
anticipated arrival Home.

The young rebel was taken away—
taken away for and because of us—
The young rebel's name was Jesus.

Linda S. Davis

The Elephant Who Made Me Tingle

We walked in the park
Hand in hand and
Kicked leaves while we talked.
I told her of
 my penny collection,
 my grandmother's liver,
 and my days of laughter as a child . . .
She smiled her little smile that made me tingle . . .
And I tingled. She nodded her
Beautiful head at my jokes and
Smiled the tingle smile and
I felt good all over . . .
Once we stopped in travel
To watch a fat woman with a moustache
Spank a child and
Then leave when she noticed
That we noticed, jerking the child behind her,
Swearing like a trooper.
I laughed.
She smiled the tingle smile.
We walked and
Ran and
Skipped And
Talked.
Under a weeping willow tree
I made her a necklace of flowers and vine
And told her
I loved her.
She smiled the tingle smile and
Stared at a little boy eating cake on the merry-go-round.
"Oh, no. You can't love me
For you see, I am an elephant."
Then she laughed and ran away.
I haven't seen her to this day.
Sometimes when I walk in the rain of the city
I wonder why her laugh made me cry and
Why I didn't notice she was an elephant.

Tom Ellenburg

Notes from a Helpful Roommate

Notes from one roommate to other roommate who has virus:

Mon.

Catch up on your sleep. I'll turn in your excuse and deliver your history report. Also ask for your assignments. I put my radio on your bedside table. See you after class.

Tues.

Sorry about forgetting to cut off the alarm yesterday when I left. Hope you got back to sleep after all that. Teacher said you had to attach a Dr.'s certificate to your excuse. Couldn't find your history class, so gave report to Ted to turn in. Saw Robert walking across campus with Linda, and asked him for your assignments. He said "Who's assignment?" You owe me the price of new batteries for my radio.

Wed.

Teacher said if that Dr's certificate isn't turned in today, you're unexcused and get zero for classes missed. Ted said he misplaced the history report but is looking for it. Does Robert need glasses? Today he and Linda didn't even see me. I'm taking my radio with me today.

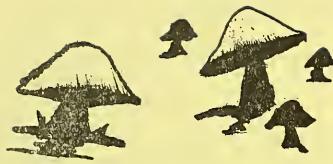
Thurs.

Thank goodness you're better. I've had a terrible week getting all those errands done for you. And, oh, I forgot to tell you. Term paper is due Monday.

Fri.

I don't see why you're so grouchy. After all I did for you. It's not MY fault Ted lost the report. And I don't see why you're so upset about no Dr.'s certificate. You got well, didn't you? Can I help it if Robert can't see or hear? And, anyway, my radio won't work and I know you did something to it. Last time I'll try to do something for you. And, anyway, I've got a headache. How did you say this stuff starts off?

Ann Welborn



Mushrooms

Mushrooms walking; mushrooms talking
Not to eat; just to meet
some are colored; most are plain
mushrooms walking, talking in the rain.

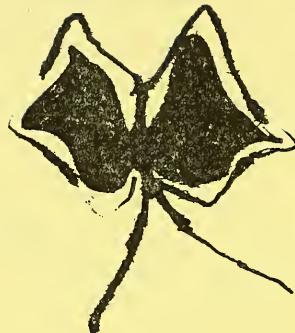
Larry Dyer



My Choice

If an animal I had to be,
a pig appeals the most to me.
All they do is lay in the sun all day,
wallow in mud and play.
I know what happens when they get big;
so I would want to be a skinny pig.

Mitch Revis



In My Dooryard

The grass before my door
Is feminine.
Of this I'm very sure;
Else how could it tolerate
So many tiny feet and
Still endure?

Marietta McCown

The girls here
seem unconcerned.
At first
I thought they hadn't learned
To flash a smile with pleasant eyes;
But I learned why —
When passed — — —
They stared ahead:
Their pretty little necks were dead.

Don Oglesby

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